生活中只有两样是不可缺少的：诗歌、爱情。

——聂鲁达

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二十首情诗与绝望的歌

[智利]聂鲁达 著

中英文对照

李宗荣 译

红胶囊 图



诺贝尔文学奖获奖作者作品

[智利] 聂鲁达 著

Pablo Neruda

# 二十首情诗与绝望的歌

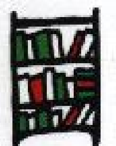
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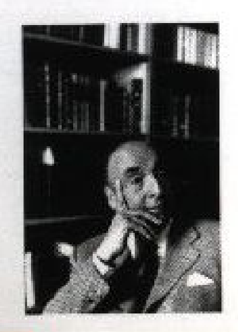
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作者介绍

聂鲁达(Pablo Neruda 1904—1973)，本世纪最伟大的拉丁美洲诗人，智利的外交官，一九七一年诺贝尔文学奖得主。

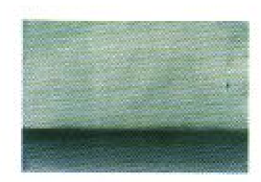
聂鲁达一生近半世纪的文学创作之中，情诗一直是他最脍炙人口的主题，也使得聂鲁达的名字几乎成为情诗的代名词。

《二十首情诗与绝望的歌》、《船长之诗》以及《一百首爱的十四行诗》是他最直接处理爱情主题的三本诗集。而本书《二十首情诗与绝望的歌》又是聂鲁达最受欢迎且在拉丁美洲畅销达数百万册，被誉为20世纪“情诗圣经”的诗集。

爱情太短，而遗忘太长

——聂鲁达

# 二十一个远方



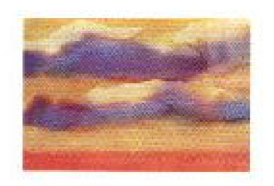


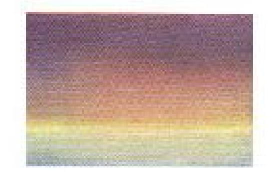



















聂鲁达是整个20世纪文明的象征，因为他告诉我们生命就是战争，生命就是爱情，生命更是一首情诗。

# 生命是一首情诗

陈文茜

海明威曾经描述一个老人，每天到一家馆子喝咖啡；馆里的女侍固定端咖啡给老人，老人总是很有礼貌地向女侍说谢谢，一喝喝了18年，老人和女侍从未交谈，也无所谓对话。女侍从十五六岁的青春年华，转而成长为30岁的女人，准备嫁人了。最后一天女侍像往常一样，为老人端上一杯咖啡，可是老人听得出这咖啡放在桌上的声音不太一样。女侍说话了：我想问你一个问题，可不可以请你把报纸拿开抬头看我一眼，这么多年来，我每天开店门，等待第一个客人，为你端上一杯咖啡，明天起我将离开这里，希望和你道别。但是想问你的是，为什么你从不看我一眼？也不与我打招呼……

忘记小说的真正语意，但我永远记得此时的老人流泪，

看着女侍说，从18年前咖啡馆进门的那一刻，便深深恋慕女孩给他青春生命的纯真憧憬，老人说，他在女孩的身上一点一滴发现着逝去的生命，天天到咖啡馆，并不为了女侍美味的咖啡，只是寻回再也不能触摸的生命纯真。老人感叹生命逝去，只能看着她，一脸惘然……

阅读聂鲁达情诗之于我，正像老者，阅读自己逝去的年代，竟成了海明威笔下颓唐的老人。不能很确切地说聂鲁达这个名字何时在生命中出现，也许是诺贝尔文学奖在台湾出版风潮的时候吧。当年高度参与政治运动，自然被他吸引。他曾是智利共产党总统候选人，被执政政府通缉，一度是政治流亡者，沙特拒领诺贝尔文学奖的理由是：聂鲁达才是真正该得奖的人。

或许缘由革命与爱情的神秘联结，让我读着他的"今夜我可以写"、"我喜欢你是寂静的"悲伤的诗句，在革命的年代里沉淀年轻生命欠缺的沉重。

聂鲁达诗的名字就分明展现了聂鲁达的精神。确切、清楚的情绪，像进入一团炽热的焰火。尤其聂鲁达笔下的女人，几乎是不穿衣服的，器官型的，重点是乳房，是情欲的肢体，而为了他的女人，他可以跪下来舔她的脚、亲吻她的膝盖……强烈的情欲渴望，转化成革命，两者其实是非常接近的，在革命里头的聂鲁达，和他写的情诗一样。"请来看看街上的血吧！"

在美国生活的那几年，我曾经有一次在一个反映智利农民集会场合的纪录片里，观赏聂鲁达的演说。它最后代表的元素是农民的身体、汗水、土地的颜色，以及在这块土地上所生长孕育的生命。在资本帝国主义中被破坏的生命，是聂鲁达的革命之情，意识形态在他的语言中化成生命的主题，所以战争是血，革命本身回归到最后是对土地的感情，像一个失亲的孤儿寻找母亲。

充满政治热情的聂鲁达，在拉丁美洲那样致命的时代，从来不觉得自己要回到政治里。60年代曾回去，而后流亡巴黎，受到当时左派年轻人迷恋的支持，可是他却不是一个很好的煽动家，聂鲁达的激情太原始了，原始到当他被放置在俗世现实的场景里，他的张力就会消失，聂鲁达再怎么搞政治，他还是属于直觉的生命与诗的。

1973年智利左派总统阿连德，在一场右派的军人领袖皮诺切特军事政变中丧生，同一时期聂鲁达逝去。他位于首都的宅邸被军人劫掠，更多的工人被屠杀、镇压。我记得那年Life杂志登出了聂鲁达葬礼的跨页图片，一个面容瘦削的年轻人的侧脸，泪水悬在他的脸庞。那样一张美丽的照片，标示着一个时代的结束。

看着这本诗集，仿佛观看20世纪60年代的美丽。新世纪里，全球化的趋势把所有古老的东西拆解。当每个人的生活都必须改变的时候，我们对历史的依赖感便越来越淡薄。而关于这个逝去的聂鲁达的年代，却成为我们近代文明里最珍贵的片段。对一个回顾20世纪的老者，聂鲁达是整个20世纪文明的象征，因为他告诉我们：生命就是战争，生命就是爱情，生命更是一首情诗。

## Body of a Woman

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,
you look like a world, lying in surrender.
My rough peasant's body digs in you
and makes the son leap from the depth of the earth.

I was alone like a tunnel. The birds fled from me,
and night swamped me with its crushing invasion.
To survive myself I forged you like a weapon,
like an arrow in my bow, a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance falls, and I love you.
Body of skin, of moss, of eager and firm milk.
Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!
Oh the roses of the pubis! Oh your voice, slow and sad!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.
My thirst, my boundless desire, my shifting road!
Dark river-beds where the eternal thirst flows
and weariness follows, and the infinite ache.

## 女人的身体

女人的身体，白色的山丘，白色的大腿，
你像一个世界，俯顺地躺着。
我粗犷的农夫的肉身掘入你，
并制造出从地底深处跃出的孩子。

我像隧道般孤单。众鸟飞离我，
夜以它毁灭般的侵袭笼罩我。
为了拯救我自己，我锻铸你成武器，
如我弓上之箭，弹弓上的石头。

但复仇的时刻降临，而我爱你。
皮肤的身体，苔藓的身体，渴望与丰厚乳汁的身体。
喔，胸部的高脚杯！喔，失神的双眼！
喔，耻骨般的玫瑰！喔，你的声音，缓慢而哀伤！

我的女人的身体，我将执迷于你的优雅。
我的渴求，我无止尽的欲望，我不定的去向！
黑色的河床上流动着永恒的渴求，
随后是疲倦，与无限的痛。

## The Light Wraps You

The light wraps you in its mortal flame.
Abstracted pale mourner, standing that way
against the old propellers of the twilight
that revolves around you.

Speechless, my friend,
alone in the loneliness of this hour of the dead
and filled with the lives of fire,
pure heir of the ruined day.

A bough of fruit falls from the sun on your dark garment.
The great roots of night
grow suddenly from your soul,
and the things that hide in you come out again
so that a blue and pallid people,
your newly born, takes nourishment.

Oh magnificent and fecund and magnetic slave
of the circle that moves in turn through black and gold:
rise, lead and possess a creation
so rich in life that its flowers perish
and it is full of sadness.

## 光笼罩你

光以它濒将熄灭的光焰笼罩你，
失神而苍白的送葬者，你那样站着，
面对着那绕着你旋转的
　　古老的曙光的螺旋桨。

别再说了，我的朋友，
独自在这死亡时刻的孤寂中，
充满生命之火——
这遭毁损的白昼最纯粹的继承者。
水果的枝芽自太阳落在你深色的外套上，
夜的巨硕的根
　自你灵魂中迅速生长，
隐藏在你体内的事物再度显现，
所以你新生的蓝而苍白的人群，
获得滋养。

喔，华丽、丰饶而迷人的奴役，
轮流以黑色与金色绕圈转动：
上升，引导并拥有一个创造，
生命如此丰富以致花朵枯萎，
而且充满哀伤。

## Ah Vastness of Pines

Ah vastness of pines, murmur of waves breaking,
slow play of lights, solitary bell,
twilight falling in your eyes, toy doll,
earth-shell, in whom the earth sings!

In you the rivers sing and my soul flees in them
as you desire, and you send it where you will.
Aim my road on your bow of hope
and in a frenzy I will free my flock of arrows.

On all sides I see your waist of fog,
and your silence hunts down my afflicted hours;
my kisses anchor, and my moist desire nests
in you with your arms of transparent stone.

Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and darkens
in the resonant and dying evening!
Thus in deep hours I have seen, over the fields,
the ears of wheat tolling in the mouth of the wind








啊，松树的庞大，碎波浪的呢喃，
光的沉缓的嬉戏，孤寂的教堂的钟，
玩具娃娃，曙光落入你的双眼，
地壳，大地在你身体里歌唱。

在你体内众河吟唱，我的灵魂消逝其中，
如你渴求的，被你带到你所愿之处。
在你希望之弓上我瞄准我的去路，
一阵狂热与兴奋中，我释放所有的箭束。

我见到你如雾的腰身无所不在，
你的沉默追逐我悲苦的时光；
你透明石头的双臂，
亲吻在你身上下锚、藉我的潮湿的欲望筑巢。

啊，你的神秘的声音让爱低鸣，
让充满回声的死去的夜更加幽暗！
深夜的阡陌上我看见，
麦子的耳朵在风的嘴里低鸣。



## The Morning Is Full

The morning is full of storm
in the heart of summer.

The clouds travel like white handkerchiefs of
goodbye,
the wind, travelling, waving them in its hands.

The numberless heart of the wind
beating above our loving silence.

Orchestral and divine, resounding among the trees
like a language full of wars and songs.

Wind that bears off the dead leaves with a quick raid
and deflects the pulsing arrows of the birds.

Wind that topples her in a wave without spray
and substance without weight, and leaning fires.

Her mass of kisses breaks and sinks,
assailed in the door of the summer's wind.



## 早晨充满

在夏日的心脏中
早晨充满暴风雨。

云流浪，像道别时白色的手巾，
远行的风以双手摇动它们。

无数的风的心脏
在我们爱的沉默上方跳动。

管弦乐的，属神的，在树丛中回响，
像充满战争与圣咏的语言。

风，以迅速的袭击带走枯叶；
让悸动箭矢的鸟群偏离。

风翻搅她，在没有泡沫的潮水中，
在没有重量的物质里，在倾斜的火焰中。

她的千吻，碎裂并且沉没，
在夏日微风的门上狂击。

## So That You Will Hear Me

So that you will hear me
my words
sometimes grow thin
as the tracks of the gulls on the beaches.

Necklace, drunken bell
for your hands smooth as grapes.

And I watch my words from a long way off.
They are more yours than mine.
They climb on my old suffering like ivy.

It climbs the same way on damp walls.
You are to blame for this cruel sport.
They are fleeing from my dark lair.
You fill everything, you fill everything.

Before you they peopled the solitude that you
occupy,
and they are more used to my sadness than you are.

## 所以你会听见

所以你会听见我
我的话语
有时转薄
如沙滩上海鸥行过的痕迹。

项链，沉醉的钟
你的如葡萄般光滑的双手。

我看见我的话语扬长而去。
它们更像是你的而远非我的。
它们像长春藤，爬上我老迈的悲伤。

它爬上潮湿的墙，
这个残酷的游戏将归咎于你。
它们从我的虚空中逃逸。
你充满一切，你充满一切。

在你面前，它们将你所占据的孤寂填满，
而它们比你更习惯于我的哀伤。

Now I want them to say what I want to say to you
to make you hear as I want you to hear me.

The wind of anguish still hauls on them as usual.
Sometimes hurricanes of dreams still knock them
over.
You listen to other voices in my painful voice.

Lament of old mouths, blood of old supplications.
Love me, companion. Don't forsake me. Follow me.
Follow me, companion, on this wave of anguish.

But my words become stained with your love.
You occupy everything, you occupy everything.

I am making them into an endless necklace
for your white hands, smooth as grapes.

现在我要它们说我想对你说的，
让你听见我想让你听见的。

悲苦的风拖曳着它们一如往昔。
有时梦的飓风将它们击倒：
你在我痛苦的声音中听见其他的声音。

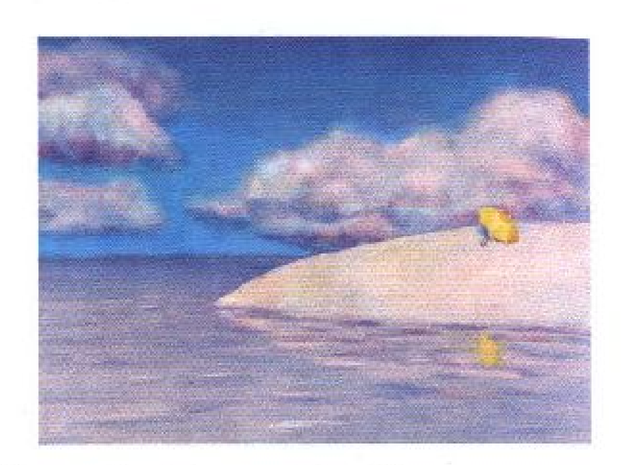
古老的悲叹之口，古老的哀求之血。
爱我，同伴。别舍弃我，跟随我。
跟随我，同伴，在这悲苦的潮水中。

但我的话语已沾染上你的爱。
你占有一切，你占有一切。

为了你光滑如葡萄串的白色双手
我将把我的话语缀成绵延无尽的项链。







## I Remember You As You Were

I remember you as you were in the last autumn.
You were the grey beret and the still heart.
In your eyes the flames of the twilight fought on.
And the leaves fell in the water of your soul.

Clasping my arms like a climbing plant
the leaves garnered your voice, that was slow and at peace.
Bonfire of awe in which my thirst was burning.
Sweet blue hyacinth twisted over my soul.

I feel your eyes travelling, and the autumn is far off:
grey beret, voice of a bird, heart like a house
towards which my deep longings migrated
and my kisses fell, happy as embers.

Sky from a ship. Field from the hills:
Your memory is made of light, of smoke, of a still pond!
Beyond your eyes, farther on, the evenings were blazing.
Dry autumn leaves revolved in your soul.



## 我记得你往日的样子

我记得你去年秋日的样子。
你是灰色的贝雷帽、一颗静止的心。
在你的眼中，曙光的火焰犢斗。
树叶纷纷堕入你灵魂的池中。

让我的双臂如攀爬的植物般紧握，
树叶收敛你的声音，缓慢而平静。
敬畏的篝火中我的渴求燃烧。
甜美的蓝色风信子缠绕我的灵魂。

我感觉你的双眼游移，秋日已经远去；
灰色的贝雷帽，鸟的声音，像一座屋子的心，
我深切的渴望朝彼处迁徙，
我的千吻坠落，如琥珀般快乐。

孤帆的天空，山丘的阡陌：
你的记忆以光制成，以烟，以沉静的水的池塘！
越过你的双眼再过去，夜正发光。
干燥的秋叶在你的灵魂里回旋。

## Leaning Into The Afternoons

Leaning into the afternoons I cast my sad nets
towards your oceanic eyes.

There in the highest blaze my solitude lengthens and
flames,
its arms turning like a drowning man's.

I send out red signals across your absent eyes
that move like the sea near a lighthouse.

You keep only darkness, my distant female,
from your regard sometimes the coast of dread
emerges.

Leaning into the afternoons I fling my sad nets
to that sea that beats on your marine eyes.

The birds of night peck at the first stars
that flash like my soul when I love you.

The night gallops on its shadowy mare
shedding blue tassels over the land.



## 倚身在暮色里

倚身在暮色里：我朝你海洋般的双眼
投掷我哀伤的网。

我的孤独，在极度的光亮中绵延不绝，化为火焰，
双臂漫天飞舞仿佛将遭海难淹没。

越过你失神的双眼，我送出红色的信号，
你的双眼泛起涟漪，如靠近灯塔的海洋。

你保有黑暗，我远方的女子，
在你的注视之下有时惊怖的海岸浮现。

倚身在暮色，在拍打你海洋般双眼的海上
我掷出我哀伤的网。

夜晚的鸟群啄食第一阵群星：
像爱着你的我的灵魂，闪烁着。

夜在阴郁的马上奔驰，
在大地上撒下蓝色的穗须。

## White Bee

White bee, you buzz in my soul, drunk with honey,
and your flight winds in slow spirals of smoke.

I am the one without hope, the word without echoes,
he who lost everything and he who had everything.

Last hawser, in you creaks my last longing.
In my barren land you are the final rose.

Ah you who are silent!

Let your deep eyes close. There the night flutters.
Ah your body, a frightened statue, naked.

You have deep eyes in which the night flails.
Cool arms of flowers and a lap of rose.

Your breasts seem like white snails.
A butterfly of shadow has come to sleep on your belly.

Ah you who are silent!

Here is the solitude from which you are absent.
It is raining. The sea wind is hunting stray gulls.





## 白色的蜂

白色的蜜蜂，你在我的灵魂中嗡鸣、醉饮蜜汁；
你飞翔在缓慢的烟的回旋中。

我是个绝望的人，一句没有回声的话语；
失去一切，并拥有一切。

最后的船索，我最后的渴求紧系住你。
在我荒瘠的土地上你是最后的玫瑰。

啊，你这个沉默的人！

闭上你的深邃双眼。那里夜色飘散。
啊你的身体，惊惶雕像般的，赤裸着。

你的深邃双眼，那里夜色拍击着双翼。
冰冷的花的双臂，玫瑰的足膝。

你的乳房如雪白的蜗牛，
影子的蝴蝶飞来，安睡在你的腹上。

啊，你这个沉默的人！

这里是你隐身而去的孤寂。
雨中，海风正袭击迷路的鸥群。

The water walks barefoot in the wet streets.
From that tree the leaves complain as though they
were sick.

White bee, even when you are gone you buzz in my
soul
You live again in time, slender and silent.

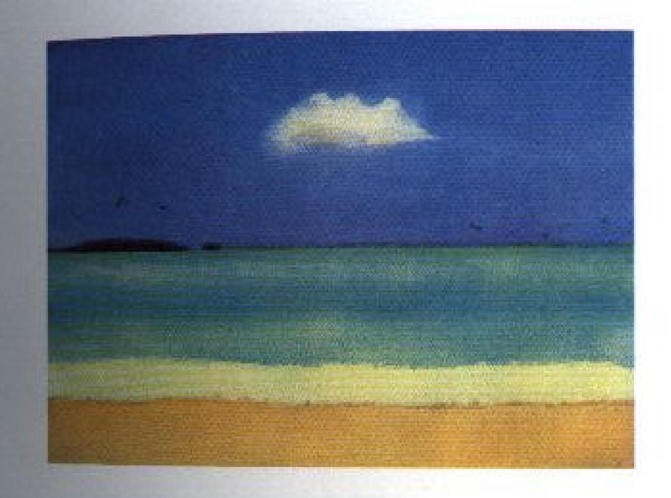
Ah you who are silent!

流水赤足般的行过潮湿的街道：
那树上的叶子罹病般地抱怨着。

白色的蜜蜂：即使你已经离去，你仍然在我灵魂中嗡鸣，
在时间中你再度复活，纤瘦并且无语。

啊，你这个沉默的人！





## Drunk With Pines

Drunk with pines and long kisses,
like summer I steer the fast sail of the roses,
bent towards the death of the thin day,
stuck into my solid marine madness.

Pale and lashed to my ravenous water,
I cruise in the sour smell of the naked climate,
still dressed in grey and bitter sounds
and a sad crest of abandoned spray.

Hardened by passions, I go mounted on my one wave,
lunar, solar, burning and cold, all at once,
becalmed in the throat of the fortunate isles
that are white and sweet as cool hips.

In the moist night my garment of kisses trembles
charged to insanity with electric currents,
heroically divided into dreams
and intoxicating roses practising on me.

Upstream, in the midst of the outer waves,
your parallel body yields to my arms
like a fish infinitely fastened to my soul,
quick and slow, in the energy under the sky.



## 陶醉在松林中

沉醉在松林与深深的千吻中，
像夏日般，我引领玫瑰花的快船；
航向瘦弱白日的死亡，
陷入我纯粹的海洋的狂乱里。

苍白的，在我贪婪的海水中下锚。
我在空荡的天气的酸味中巡航，
以灰而苦涩的声音、
以及遭离弃而哀伤的浪水伪装自己。

由激情锤炼，我爬上我自己的海浪，
月亮的，太阳的，燃烧而且寒冷的，突然地，
在洁白且甜蜜如冰凉臀部的群岛之间，
在幸运群岛的喉咙中停航。

潮湿的夜里我千吻的外衣颤抖，
因充满电流而神智不清，
猛烈地碎裂成许多的梦、
在我身上迷醉的玫瑰逐一涌现。

上游，在外围的潮水中央；
你和我并躺的身体弯身在我的双臂中。
像一条鱼一样，无尽地紧系住我的灵魂；
忽快忽慢，在天空笼罩的能量之中。

## We Have Lost Even

We have lost even this twilight.
No one saw us this evening hand in hand
while the blue night dropped on the world.

I have seen from my window
the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountain tops.

Sometimes a piece of sun
burned like a coin between my hands.

I remembered you with my soul clenched
in that sadness of mine that you know.

Where were you then?
Who else was there?
Saying what?
Why will the whole of love come on me suddenly
when I am sad and feel you are far away?

The book fell that is always turned to at twilight
and my cape rolled like a hurt dog at my feet.

Always, always you recede through the evenings
towards where the twilight goes erasing statues.




## 我们甚至失去了黄昏

我们甚至失去了黄昏的颜色。
当蓝色的夜坠落在世界时，
没人看见我们手牵着手。

从我的窗户中我已经看见
　在遥远的山顶上落日的祭典。

有时候一片太阳
　在我的双掌间如硬币燃烧。

在你熟知的我的哀伤中
　我忆及了你，灵魂肃敛。

彼时，你在哪里呢？
那里还有什么人？
说些什么？
为什么当我哀伤且感觉到你远离时，
全部的爱会突如其然地来临呢？

暮色中如常发生的，书本掉落了下来，
我的披肩像受伤的小狗，蜷躺在脚边。

总是如此，朝暮色抹去雕像的方向
你总是借黄昏隐没。

## Almost Out Of The Sky

Almost out of the sky, half of the moon
anchors between two mountains.
Turning, wandering night, the digger of eyes.
Let's see how many stars are smashed in the pool.

It makes a cross of mourning between my eyes, and
runs away.
Forge of blue metals, nights of stilled combats,
my heart revolves like a crazy wheel.
Girl who have come from so far, been brought from
so far,
sometimes your glance flashes out under the sky.
Rumbling, storm, cyclone of fury,
you cross above my heart without stopping.
Wind from the tombs carries off, wrecks, scatters
your sleepy root.

The big trees on the other side of her, uprooted.
But you, cloudless girl, question of smoke, corn
tassel.
You were what the wind was making with illumi-
nated leaves.
Behind the nocturnal mountains, white lily of
conflagration,
ah, I can say nothing! You were made of everything.





## 几乎在天空外

几乎在天空外，半个月亮
下锚在两山之间。
转动的，漫游的夜，双眼的挖掘者。
让我们看看有多少星星在水池里碎裂。

在我的双眼之间，丧悼的十字架浮现，又隐没。
蓝色金属的淬炼，静寂的战斗的夜，
我的心像疯狂的轮子一样转动。
从那么遥远的地方来的女子，又被带离得那么远，
有时，你在天空中闪烁即逝。
隆隆轰鸣，如暴风雨，如狂怒的飓风，
你越过我的心毫不暂歇。
坟堆里来的风扯裂、破毁并散撒你沉睡的根。

在她侧面的巨树，被连根拔起。
但是你，无云的女子，你是烟的质问，玉米的穗须。
你是风借着发亮的叶子所构成的。
在夜晚的群山之后，是大火般的白色莲花，
啊，我无言以对！你由一切事物构成。

Longing that sliced my breast into pieces,
it is time to take another road, on which she does not smile.
Storm that buried the bells, muddy swirl of torments,
why touch her now, why make her sad.

Oh to follow the road that leads away from everything,
without anguish, death, winter waiting along it
with their eyes open through the dew.

渴望将我的呼吸切成碎片，
是选择另一条路的时刻了，那里，她不复微笑。
埋葬钟声的暴风雨，泥沼般的折磨漩涡，
为何此刻碰触她，为何令她哀伤。

啊跟着这远离一切的路，
不会有苦痛、死亡、与严冬在沿路守候，
只有双眼借晨露张望。





## Your Breast Is Enough

Your breast is enough for my heart,
and my wings for your freedom.
What was sleeping above your soul will rise
out of my mouth to heaven.

In you is the illusion of each day.
You arrive like the dew to the cupped flowers.
You undermine the horizon with your absence.
Eternally in flight like the wave.

I have said that you sang in the wind
like the pines and like the masts.
Like them you are tall and taciturn,
and you are sad, all at once, like a voyage.

You gather things to you like an old road.
You are peopled with echoes and nostalgic voices.
I awoke and at times birds fled and migrated
that had been sleeping in your soul.



## 你的胸部已经足够

之于我的心你的胸部已经足够，
如同我的双翼之于你的自由。
沉睡于你灵魂上方的事物
　将会从我的嘴上升到天空。

在你之中存有每一日的幻象。
你像瓶花的露水般来临。
你的隐没侵蚀地平线。
潮汐般，恒常地消逝。

我已经说过你在风中吟唱，
如松树，如桅杆。
你像它们一样巨硕而沉默，
你哀伤，突然地，像一次远航。

你像古老的道路一样收敛事物。
你被回声与怀乡的声音笼罩。
我醒来，有时在你的灵魂中沉沉睡去的鸟群
　逃离并且迁徙而去。

## I Have Gone Marking

I have gone marking the atlas of your body
with crosses of fire.
My mouth went across: a spider, trying to hide.
In you, behind you, timid, driven by thirst.

Stories to tell you on the shore of evening,
sad and gentle doll, so that you should not be sad.
A swan, a tree, something far away and happy.
The season of grapes, the ripe and fruitful season.

I who lived in a harbour from which I loved you.
The solitude crossed with dream and with silence.
Penned up between the sea and sadness.
Soundless, delirious, between two motionless
gondoliers.

Between the lips and the voice something goes dying.
Something with the wings of a bird, something of
anguish and oblivion.
The way nets cannot hold water.
My toy doll, only a few drops are left trembling.
Even so, something sings in these fugitive words.
Something sings, something climbs to my ravenous
mouth.
Oh to be able to celebrate you with all the words of
joy.



## 我以火的十字

我以火的十字
在你身体的地图上烙下印记离去。
我的嘴穿过，像一只蜘蛛，试着藏躲。
在你体内、在你身后，畏怯的，被渴求驱使。

在暮色的沙滩上有好多的故事等着要告诉你，
哀伤而温驯的娃娃，你不会再哀伤了。
一只天鹅，一棵树，某些远离并令人快乐的事物。
葡萄的季节，收割与丰收的季节。

我是住在海港并爱你的人。
孤寂借梦和沉默穿过。
在海与哀伤之间被囚禁。
无声的，谵语的，在两个不动的船夫之间。

在双唇与声音之间的某些事物逝去。
鸟的双翼的某些事物，苦痛与遗忘的某些事物。
如同网无法握住水一样。
我的娃娃，仅余少量的水滴颤抖着。
即使这样，仍有某些事物在无常的话语中歌唱。
某些事物歌唱，某些爬上我渴求的嘴的事物。
啊，要以全部的欢乐的话语才能歌颂你。

Sing, burn, flee, like a belfry at the hands of a madman.
My sad tenderness, what comes over you all at once?
When I have reached the most awesome and the coldest summit
my heart closes like a nocturnal flower.

歌唱，焚烧，逃逸，像一个疯子手中的钟楼。
我哀伤的温柔，突然涌上你身上的是什么？
当我到达最寒冷与庄严的天顶，
我的心，如黑夜中的花朵般敛闭。





## Every Day You Play

Every day you play with the light of the universe.
Subtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the water.
You are more than this white head that I hold tightly
as a cluster of fruit, every day, between my hands.

You are like nobody since I love you.
Let me spread you out among yellow garlands.
Who writes your name in letters of smoke among
the stars of the south?
Oh let me remember you as you were before you
existed.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs at my shut
window.
The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.
Here all the winds let go sooner or later, all of them.
The rain takes off her clothes.

The birds go by, fleeing.
The wind. The wind.
I can contend only against the power of men.
The storm whirls dark leaves
and turns loose all the boats that were moored last
night to the sky.



## 每日你与宇宙的光……

每日你与宇宙的光一起嬉戏。
灵巧的访者，在花朵与水之间你翩然到访。
你比我手中紧握的白色的头颅，
更像每日我手中的成簇的果实。

你不像任何人，因为你爱你。
让我把你洒在众多的花圈之中。
谁在南方群星里，以烟的字母写下你的名字？
喔，在你存在之前，让我忆起你往日的样子。

突然地，风在我紧闭的窗上怒嚎狂击。
天空是一张网，塞满了阴暗的鱼。
全部的风在这里逐一释放，全部。
大雨脱去她的衣服。

众鸟飞逝，逃离。
风，风。
我只能与男人的力量相互搏斗。
暴风雨让黑色的树叶回旋飘落，
让昨夜停泊在天空的船只逐一散落。

You are here. Oh, you do not run away.
You will answer me to the last cry.
Cling to me as though you were frightened.
Even so, at one time a strange shadow ran through
your eyes.

Now, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle,
and even your breasts smell of it.

While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies
I love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your
mouth.

How you must have suffered getting accustomed to
me.
my savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them
all running.
So many times we have seen the morning star burn,
kissing our eyes,
and over our heads the grey light unwind in turning
fans.

My words rained over you, stroking you.
A long time I have loved the sunned mother-of-pearl
of your body.
I go so far as to think that you own the universe.
I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains,
bluebells,
dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.
I want
to do with you what spring does with the cherry
trees.



你在这里。喔，你并没有离开。
你会回应我直到我最后一个祈求。
好像受惊吓般地紧拥住我。
即使如此，一抹鬼魅的影子仍掠过你的双眼。

现在，现在也是，小亲亲，你带给我忍冬树，
甚至你的胸部都可闻到它的味道。
当哀伤的风开始屠杀蝶群，
我爱你，而且我的幸福啃噬你的梅子的嘴。

你为何非要因顺应我而委屈受苦？
我孤独与狂野的灵魂，我的名字，释放它们奔跑。
我们曾看见晨星燃烧这么多次，并亲吻我们的双眼，
在我们的头顶上，薄暮在旋转的风扇中逸散。

我的话语像大雨淋在你的身上，轻抚你。
许久以来，我爱上你阳光晒过的珍珠母的身体。
我甚至于相信你拥有整个宇宙。
从群山中我将为你捎来幸福的花束、风铃草，
黑榛树的果实，以及一篮篮的吻。
我要
　　像春天对待樱桃树那样地对待你。



## I Like For You To Be Still

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were absent,
and you hear me from far away and my voice does not touch you.
It seems as though your eyes had flown away
and it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth.

As all things are filled with my soul
you emerge from the things, filled with my soul.
You are like my soul, a butterfly of dream,
and you are like the word Melancholy.

I like for you to be still, and you seem far away.
It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly cooing like a dove.
And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not reach you:
Let me come to be still in your silence.

And let me talk to you with your silence
that is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.
You are like the night, with its stillness and constellations.
Your silence is that of a star, as remote and candid.

I like for you to be still: it is as though you were absent,
distant and full of sorrow as though you had died.
One word then, one smile, is enough.
And I am happy, happy that it's not true.



## 我喜欢你是寂静的

我喜欢你是寂静的，仿佛你消失了一样，
你从远处聆听我，我的声音却无法触及你。
好像你的双眼已经飞离远去，
如同一个吻，封缄了你的嘴。

如同所有的事物充满了我的灵魂，
你从所有的事物中浮现，充满了我的灵魂。
你像我的灵魂，一只梦的蝴蝶，
你如同忧郁这个字。

我喜欢你是寂静的，好像你已远去。
你听起来像在悲叹，一只如鸽悲鸣的蝴蝶。
你从远处听见我，我的声音无法企及你：
让我在你的沉默中安静无声。

并且让我借你的沉默与你说话，
你的沉默明亮如灯，简单如指环。
你就像黑夜，拥有寂静与群星。
你的沉默就是星星的沉默，遥远而明亮。

我喜欢你是寂静的：仿佛你消失了一样，
遥远而且哀伤，仿佛你已经死了。
彼时，一个字，一个微笑，已经足够。
而我会觉得幸福：因那不是真的而觉得幸福。

## In My Sky At Twilight

*This poem is a paraphrase of the 30th poem in Rabindranath Tagore's* The Gardener.

In my sky at twilight you are like a cloud
and your form and colour are the way I love them.
You are mine, mine, woman with sweet lips
and in your life my infinite dreams live.

The lamp of my soul dyes your feet,
My sour wine is sweeter on your lips,
oh reaper of my evening song,
how solitary dreams believe you to be mine!

You are mine, mine, I go shouting it to the afternoon's
wind, and the wind hauls on my widowed voice.
Huntress of the depths of my eyes, your plunder
stills your nocturnal regard as though it were water.

You are taken in the net of my music, my love,
and my nets of music are wide as the sky.
My soul is born on the shore of your eyes of mourning.
In your eyes of mourning the land of dreams begins.



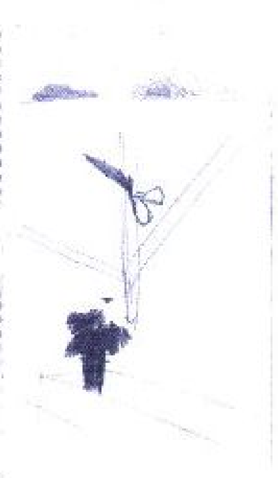
## 暮色中在我的天空里

暮色中在我的天空里你像一片云，
你的形状与颜色正是我喜爱的样子。
你是我的，我的，具有甜美双唇的女人，
在你的生命中我无止尽的梦想活着。

我的灵魂的灯浸染你的双脚，
我的酸涩的酒在你的唇上变得更甜，
噢，我的夜曲的收割者，
那些寂寞的梦如何会相信你将会是我的！

你是我的，我的，我在午后的风中放声大叫，
而风，拉扯我丧偶般的声音。
劫掠我双眼的女猎师，你的战利品，
让你的夜的凝视宛如水一样的宁静。

你被囚禁在我音乐的网中，我的爱，
我的音乐之网如天空般辽阔。
我的灵魂在你哀叹双眼的海岸中诞生。
在你的哀悼的双眼里，梦的土地生成。



## Thinking, Tangling Shadows

Thinking, tangling shadows in the deep solitude.
You are far away too, oh farther than anyone.
Thinking, freeing birds, dissolving images,
burying lamps.

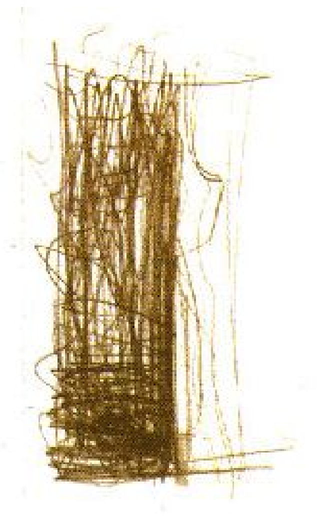
Belfry of fogs, how far away, up there!
Stifling laments, milling shadowy hopes,
taciturn miller,
night falls on you face downward, far from the city.

Your presence is foreign, as strange to me as a thing.
I think, I explore great tracts of my life before you.
My life before anyone, my harsh life.
The shout facing the sea, among the rocks,
running free, mad, in the sea-spray.
The sad rage, the shout, the solitude of the sea.
Headlong, violent, stretched towards the sky.

You, woman, what were you there, what ray, what
vane
of that immense fan? You were as far as you are now.
Fire in the forest! Burn in blue crosses.
Burn, burn, flame up, sparkle in trees of light.



## 沉思、缠绕的阴影



在深邃孤寂中沉思的、缠绕的阴影，
你离开得远远的，噢，比任何人更远。
沉思的、解缚的鸟群，溶暗的影像，
埋葬的灯。

雾的钟塔，遥远的，就在那里！
窒闷的悲叹，折磨人的阴暗的希望，
无言的磨坊，
夜色朝你降临，远离了城市。

你的出现是异国的，如同一件事物一般陌生。
我沉思，在你的面前我探索我生命的广阔。
任何人面前的生命，我难熬的生命。
面对海洋的咆哮，在岩石之间，
自由地奔跑，在海水泡沫之间，疯狂。
哀伤的狂暴、呐喊、海的孤寂。
猛然地，暴力地，朝向天空绵延而去。

你，女人，你是什么？是什么样的光，
什么样的亘古的风的风信旗？
彼时你跟现在一样的遥远。
树林里的火焰！以蓝色的十字燃烧。
燃烧，燃烧，烈焰闪烁，在光的树群中绽放光芒。

It collapses, crackling. Fire. Fire.
And my soul dances, seared with curls of fire.
Who calls? What silence peopled with echoes?
Hour of nostalgia, hour of happiness, hour of solitude,
hour that is mine from among them all!

Hunting horn through which the wind passes singing.
Such a passion of weeping tied to my body.
Shaking of all the roots,
attack of all the waves!
My soul wandered, happy, sad, unending.

Thinking, burying lamps in the deep solitude.

Who are you, who are you?-



树群崩毁，劈啪爆裂，火，火。
我的灵魂舞蹈，在烈焰缭绕中灼烧。
谁在呼喊?是什么样的沉默被回声充满?
怀乡的时刻，幸福的时刻，孤寂的时刻，
拥有这一切的我的时刻!

狩猎的号角借风传递歌声。
这令人欲泣的激情绑缚住我的身体。
所有树根的颤动，
所有海潮的攻击!
我的灵魂流浪，快乐，悲伤，无止无尽。

在深邃孤寂中沉思的，埋葬的灯火。

你是谁?你是谁?





## Here I Love You

Here I love you.
In the dark pines the wind disentangles itself.
The moon glows like phosphorus on the vagrant waters.
Days, all one kind, go chasing each other.

The snow unfurls in dancing figures.
A silver gull slips down from the west.
Sometimes a sail. High, high stars.

Oh the black cross of a ship.
Alone.
Sometimes I get up early and even my soul is wet.
Far away the sea sounds and resounds.
This is a port.
Here I love you.

Here I love you and the horizon hides you in vain.
I love you still among these cold things.
Sometimes my kisses go on those heavy vessels
that cross the sea towards no arrival.
I see myself forgotten like those old anchors.





## 我在这里爱你

我在这里爱你。
在黑暗的松林里，风解缚了自己。
月亮像磷光在漂浮的水面上发光。
白昼，日复一日，彼此追逐。

雪以舞动的身姿迎风飘扬。
一只银色的海鸥从西边滑落。
有时是一艘船。高高的群星。

哦，船的黑色的十字架。
孤单的。
有时我在清晨苏醒，我的灵魂甚至还是湿的。
远远的，海洋鸣响并发出回声。
这是一个港口。
我在这里爱你。

我在这里爱你，而且地平线徒然地隐藏你。
在这些冰冷的事物中我仍然爱你。
有时我的吻借这些沉重的船只而行，
穿越海洋永无停息。
我看见我自己如这些古老的船锚一样遭人遗忘。

The piers sadden when the afternoon moors there.
My life grows tired, hungry to no purpose.
I love what I do not have. You are so far.
My loathing wrestles with the slow twilights.
But night comes and starts to sing to me.

The moon turns its clockwork dream.
The biggest stars look at me with your eyes.
And as I love you, the pines in the wind
want to sing your name with their leaves of wire.

当暮色停泊在那里，码头变得哀伤。
而我的生命变得疲惫，无由的渴求。
我爱我所没有的。你如此的遥远。
我的憎恶与缓慢的暮色搏斗。
但夜来临并开始对我歌唱。

月亮转动他齿轮般的梦。
最大的星星借着你的双眼凝视着我。
当我爱你时，风中的松树
要以他们丝线般的叶子唱你的名字。





## Girl Lithe and Tawny

Girl lithe and tawny, the sun that forms
the fruits, that plumps the grains, that curls sea-weeds
filled your body with joy, and your luminous eyes
and your mouth that has the smile of the water.

A black yearning sun is braided into the strands
of your black mane, when you stretch your arms.
You play with the sun as with a little brook
and it leaves two dark pools in your eyes.

Girl lithe and tawny, nothing draws me towards you.
Everything bears me farther away, as though you were noon.
You are the frenzied youth of the bee,
the drunkenness of the wave, the power of the wheat-ear.

My sombre heart searches for you, nevertheless,
and I love your joyful body, your slender and flowing voice.
Dark butterfly, sweet and definitive
like the wheat-field and the sun, the poppy and the water.



## 柔软而褐黄色的女孩

柔软而褐黄色的女孩，那使水果成形、
让谷物丰实、让海藻缠绕的太阳，
让喜悦充满你的身体、你的发亮的双眼，
以及你那具有水一般的微笑的嘴。

当你伸展双臂，黑色的渴望的太阳，
被穗饰成你黑色毛鬃的线絮。
你像跟小溪游玩般地与太阳嬉戏，
并在你的双眼留下两个深色的池塘。

柔软而褐黄色的女孩，没有东西能让我更接近你。
每样事物都把我推得更远，仿佛你就是白昼。
你是蜜蜂的狂乱的青春，
海潮的醉意、麦穗的蛮力。

然而，我阴郁的心仍追索着你，
而且我爱你令人愉悦的身体，你柔细而缓慢的声音。
黑色的蝴蝶，甜美而实在，
像麦田与太阳，罂粟花与水。

## Tonight I Can Write

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, 'The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance.'

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my arms.
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could one not have loved her great still eyes.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have
lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense
without her.
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the
distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.



## 今夜我可以写

今夜我可以写下最哀伤的诗句。

写，譬如，“夜镶满群星，
而星星遥远地发出蓝光并且颤抖。”

夜风在天空中回旋并歌唱。

今夜我可以写下最哀伤的诗句。
我爱她，而且有时她也爱我。

如同今晚的夜，我曾拥握她在怀中。
在无尽的天空下一遍又一遍地吻她。

她爱我，有时我也爱她。
怎么会不爱上她那一双沉静的眼睛呢？

今夜我可以写下最哀伤的诗句。
去想我并不拥有她，感觉我已失去她。

去聆听广阔的夜，因没有她而更加广阔。
而诗句坠在灵魂上，如同露水坠在牧草上。

我的爱若不能拥有她又有什么关系？
夜镶满群星而且她没有与我在一起。

The same night whitening the same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes me suffer
and these the last verses that I write for her.



这就是一切了。远处有人唱着歌。远处。
我的灵魂因失去了她而失落。

我的视线试着要发现她，好像要把她拉近一样。
我的心寻找她，而她并没有与我在一起。

相同的夜让相同的树林泛白。
彼时，我们也不再相似如初。

我不再爱她，这是确定的，但我曾多爱她！
我的声音试着找寻风来碰触她的听觉。

别人的。如同她曾接受我的千吻一样，她将会是别人的了。
她的声音，她的洁白的身体。她的无止尽的双眼。

我不再爱她，这是确定的，但也许我爱她。
爱情太短，而遗忘太长。

借着如同今晚的夜，我曾拥她入怀
我的灵魂因失去了她而失落。

这是她最后一次让我承受的伤痛。
而这些，便是我为她而写的最后的诗句。

## The Song of Despair

The memory of you emerges from the night around
me.
The river mingles its stubborn lament with the sea.

Deserted like the wharves at dawn.
It is the hour of departure, oh deserted one!

Cold flower heads are raining over my heart.
Oh pit of debris, fierce cave of the shipwrecked.

In you the wars and the flights accumulated.
From you the wings of the song birds rose.

You swallowed everything, like distance.
Like the sea, like time. In you everything sank!

It was the happy hour of assault and the kiss.
The hour of the spell that blazed like a lighthouse.

Pilot's dread, fury of a blind diver,
turbulent drunkenness of love, in you everything
sank!

In the childhood of mist my soul, winged and
wounded.
Lost discoverer, in you everything sank!

You girdled sorrow, you clung to desire,
sadness stunned you, in you everything sank!

I made the wall of shadow draw back,
beyond desire and act, I walked on.



## 绝望的歌

与你相关的回忆自围绕我的夜色中浮现。
河流将它最冥顽的哀叹掺入大海。

如同黎明中的码头一样遭人遗弃，
是出发的时刻了，哦，遭遗弃的人！

落英缤纷冰冷地洒在我的心上。
哦岩屑的地窖、沉船的凶恶洞穴。

在你身上战争与飞翔蓄积。
歌唱的鸟群自你升起翅膀。

你吞噬一切，如同距离。
如同海洋，如同时间。所有的事物在你身上沉没！

这是突袭与亲吻的幸福时刻。
这迷魅的时刻像灯塔一样燃烧。

飞行员的惊怖、盲潜水员的狂怒，
激狂的爱的迷醉，所有的事物在你身上沉没！

在迷雾的童年之中，我的灵魂张开翅膀并且受伤。
迷路的探险者，所有的事物在你身上沉没！

你围捆哀伤、你迷恋欲望，
悲哀令你茫然若失，所有的事物在你身上沉没！

我让影子的墙隐没，
越过欲望与行动，我走着。

Oh flesh, my own flesh, woman whom I loved and lost,
I summon you in the moist hour, I raise my song to you.

Like a jar you housed the infinite tenderness,
and the infinite oblivion shattered you like a jar.

There was the black solitude of the islands,
and there, woman of love, your arms took me in.

There were thirst and hunger, and you were the fruit.
There were grief and the ruins, and you were the miracle.

Ah woman, I do not know how you could contain me
in the earth of your soul, in the cross of your arms!

How terrible and brief was my desire of you!
How difficult and drunken, how tensed and avid.

Cemetery of kisses, there is still fire in your tombs,
still the fruited boughs burn, pecked at by birds.

Oh the bitten mouth, oh the kissed limbs,
oh the hungering teeth, oh the entwined bodies.

Oh the mad coupling of hope and force
in which we merged and despaired.

And the tenderness, light as water and as flour.
And the word scarcely begun on the lips.

This was my destiny and in it was the voyage of my longing,
and in it my longing fell, in you everything sank!



哦肉体，我的肉体，我爱且失去的女人：
在潮湿的时刻，我召唤你，对着你我大声唱我的歌。

你像一只瓮，收容无限的温柔，
而无限的遗忘像摇晃一只瓮般地摇晃你。

那里有岛屿的黑色的孤寂。
那里，爱的女人，你的臂弯带我进入。

那里有渴求与饥饿，而你是水果。
那里有悲痛与毁灭，而你是奇迹。

哦女人，我不知道你是如何包容我的
在你的灵魂的土地里，在你的双臂的十字架中！

我对你的欲求是如此的恐怖而短暂！
如此辛苦与迷醉，不安与贪婪。

千吻的墓园，在你的坟墓中出现安静的火，
结果累累的树枝安静地燃烧，遭众鸟啃啄。

哦被咬齿的嘴，哦遭亲吻的四肢，
哦饥饿的啮，哦缠绕的身体。

哦希望与暴力的疯狂结合，
我们在那里融合一体并陷入绝望。

而温柔，如水似粉般轻盈。
话语几乎噤不出声。

这是我的命运，我的渴望的旅程就在其中。
我的渴望在其中坠落，所有的事物在你身上沉没！

Oh pit of debris, everything fell into you,
what sorrow did you not express, in what sorrow are
you not drowned!

From billow to billow you still called and sang.
Standing like a sailor in the prow of a vessel.

You still flowered in songs, you still broke in currents.
Oh pit of debris, open and bitter well.

Pale blind diver, luckless slinger,
lost discoverer, in you everything sank!

It is the hour of departure, the hard cold hour
which the night fastens to all the timetables.

The rustling belt of the sea girdles the shore.
Cold stars heave up, black birds migrate.

Deserted like the wharves at dawn.
Only the tremulous shadow twists in my hands.

Oh farther than everything. Oh farther than every-
thing.

It is the hour of departure. Oh abandoned one!



哦岩屑的地窖，所有的事物坠入你的身上，
你不曾表达的哀伤、你不会淹没的哀伤！

在汹涌波涛中你仍然呼喊并歌唱。
像船舰前端的水手那样站着。

你仍在歌中像花盛开，在水流中碎裂。
哦岩屑的地窖，打开的苦涩的井。

苍白而眼盲的潜水员，胆怯的投石手，
迷路的探险者，所有的事物在你身上沉没！

是出发的时候了，这难熬的寒冷时刻
　夜紧系在所有的时刻表上。

窸窣作响的海的裙带围捆沙滩。
寒冷的群星倏地升起，黑色的鸟群迁徙离去。

如同黎明中的码头一样地遭人遗弃。
只剩下战栗的影子在我手中缠绕。

哦，比所有的事物更远，哦，比所有的事物更远。
是出发的时刻了，哦，遭遗弃的人！

# 爱是最温柔的暴动

李宗荣



在一座空屋子里，最后一次安静地念完这些诗句；无有回声，却突然想起这么些年不见的你，而有了想与你说话的欲望。

亲爱的G，曾经离开了一座城、一座岛屿，赋归，复又准备迁徙、远离。

生命像行走在台北街头时塞在背袋里小巧的绿叶贩盆栽；被移植的、浑身寻不到落身处般的不自在。这些被翻译的诗稿，涣散的、呓语般的，就这样跟随在身边，流离过一座城又一座城，飘洋、过海。零落的缮改的笔迹，沾渍的纸页，这么些年，终于准备付梓；薄薄的册页，来自于一个遥远的大陆、古老的时代，终于被安静地解读了，多像生命本身，终于细细地被端详成这里雍容干净的样子。

宛如在这无有回声的空屋里，我忆及你的昔日的样子。

亲爱的G，生命如果能重来，回到我们的青春时代，这些诗句，将会是我愿意对你轻声颂读的。

这本书，就是在我识得赋诗之前，第一本要为你手抄的。

Pablo Neruda。那一年的夏日，你从巴黎邮寄回来的信纸里，密密麻麻地详绘那一场工人与学生的大游行。国际歌，群众波浪欢呼般地在大街上前后奔驰大声歌唱，宛如球赛胜利的小城里嘉年华般的恣意与高昂。附在信纸间的折叠方正的游行传单，一首诗，一首聂鲁达的诗。

还有谁更适合向我们绝望而美的青春述说革命与爱？

生命如果能重来，那一年稚气的我们携手侧身于台北万千群众的游行行列中高声歌唱国际歌时，我们的棉布书包里偷偷放置的诗集，就该是这一本而不是其他人的。

但生命毕竟无法重来。

那样的纯真时代，无声息地远去。一场从不曾存在的革命，如不被解读的厚厚的典籍、一首被颂读而无有回声的诗……

而我们逝去的洁净青春与爱，留下了少了这一本诗集的缺憾。

一个字、一个句子、一首诗……亲爱的G，这最后一次的誊写，我仿佛在聂鲁达的悲痛的诉说里感觉到那与古老的青春时代的神秘牵连，静坐案前，一句句被回忆咀嚼……

◎

亲爱的G，这是一本有关爱与欲求、绝望与救赎的诗集。

迁延爱欲，驰逐生死。20岁，1924年时的聂鲁达。那是一个为爱狂执、为欲迷魅的年纪吧。

智利南方贫穷山脚下长大的年轻人，拎了几件衣物，披上了潮湿的斗篷，坐上了一列三等客舱的火车，来到首都圣地亚哥。

拥挤的校园街道，收容了他身无分文的波西米亚式的生命。疲长而高颀，一个苍白而浪漫的年轻诗人，经常戴着披风与宽边的帽子闲逛于街道。

亲爱的G：这样的诗人形象，让我想起了我们耽爱的普契尼的“波西米亚人”里的鲁道夫，在诗歌的王国里，自比为丰美国度之王，在贫穷里赋诗、在绝望里诉爱。

那时他熟读象征主义诗，已经习于用整个下午，眈读窗外的景致。

“这是一本悲痛的诗，充满我年轻时最折磨人的激情，以及我南方家乡迷人的景致。我爱这本书，因为即使它充满如此多的忧愁，生命的喜悦却又如此活生生地表现其中。”聂鲁达在自传里如此回忆着。

情诗，必有赋诗者爱欲的秘密托付；因为有爱之人，所以动情、所以为诗。

诗里，两个他爱的女孩隐身其中。Marisol，“海与太阳”；Marisombra，“海与阴影”。Marisol是南方家乡的情人，硕圆的双眼如家乡潮湿的天空，那些田园诗般的景致：如夜晚的群星、辽阔的港湾以及山峦上半沉的月，全在托付聂鲁达对Marisol的爱恋。

而Marisombra是“一只灰色的贝雷帽、一颗静止的心”；她是诗人在圣地亚哥学校里的初识，象征着城市生活的热情与寂寞。

拆解聂鲁达自传的字里行间，发现她是个拥有温柔双眼的女子。在聂鲁达随心所欲、无忧无虑的学生生活里，他们常在城市隐蔽而安静的角落，静静地拥有了彼此肉体的耽溺与平静。

亲爱的G，这本诗集里的聂鲁达的爱欲渴求如此激情与原始、素朴与纯真，这大概也是不曾再在他往后的作品中出现的了。

这么器官式的描写，他对女人的爱是肉体的、直觉的，充满了忍冬树的香味与星群般的触觉。

之于聂鲁达，女人与性爱，是孤单的男体朝母亲大地永恒的回归之路，是朝向结合、解放与救赎的秘途。

“在你体内众河吟唱，我的灵魂将消逝其中，如你渴求的；我的灵魂，将被你带到你所愿之处，在你希望之弓上我瞄准我的去路，一阵狂热兴奋中，我释放我所有的箭束。”

他的爱又是激情与狂暴的糅合，被强烈的占有欲驱使、一个雄性的支配者；暴烈的劫取如“粗犷的农夫的肉身”、如牢固的船索、如在肉身上烙下欲望的火的十字。

这也是一本尽诉了哀伤与平静的温柔诗集。此时的聂鲁达是孤独而疲惫的，细细咀嚼失落恋人的落寞与平淡：

“暮色中如常发生的，书本掉落了下来，总是如此，朝暮色抹去雕像的方向，你总是借黄昏隐没。”

这更是一本无有对话的、独白的诗集。渴望被了解的孤独，化为抒情诗的喃喃自语。

◎

亲爱的G，我们不复回的年轻生命，就这样留下了少了

这一本诗集的遗憾。

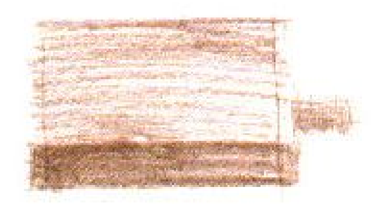
生命毕竟无法重来，这是造物之神给我们的永恒的缺憾。

但我们有诗，诗能联结生命中离散的时光、命运乖违的虚无。这会不会就是造物主无意中示显的那通往喜悦与充足密径的恩赐？

此时之我，自觉是一卑微之译者，如伏案的修士，抄写解读那密仪的经文，那些隐匿于文字间的爱与青春的秘密，那深奥的生命的咒语。

我只能借死者之口，与我们沉默的过去相对话。生命曾因青春这惟一的公约数而有了神秘的联系，我虔敬地相信着。颂读聂鲁达，仿佛将是我们逝去青春的最后降灵会。

一个字、一个句子、一首诗，已无回声，安静地为记忆咀嚼。








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